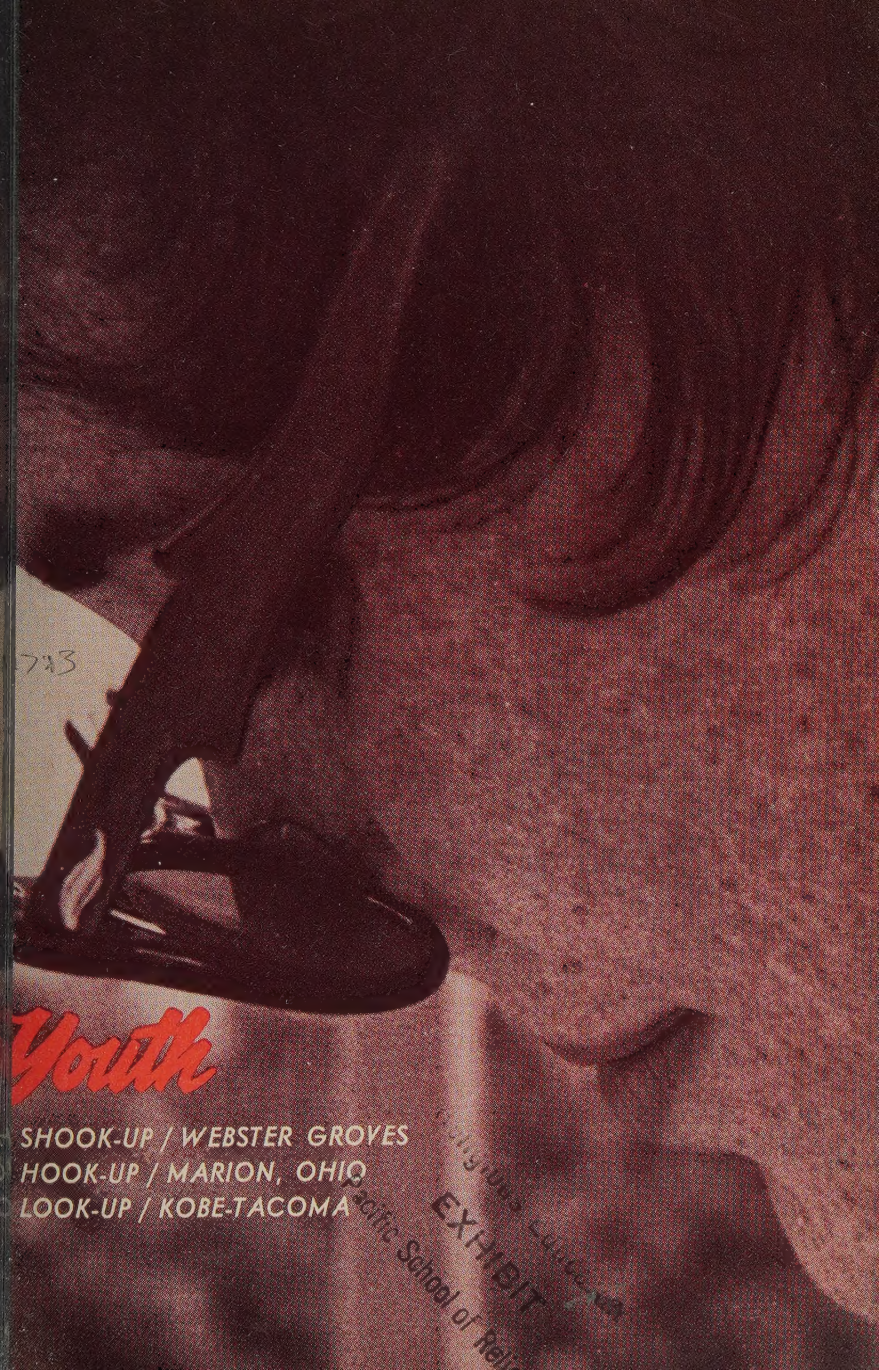

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16 in WEBSTER GROVES

BY BOB SCHEEF / On Friday night, February 25, 1966, instead of stumbling passively away from their televisions, the people of Webster Groves were enraged at what many called "a gross distortion of the truth." This was the big event of the year: when Webster residents could view themselves as others saw them. The program was called "16 in Webster Groves," produced by Dr. Arthur Barron, and narrated by CBS correspondent Charles Kuralt. The purpose of the program was to give some idea and possibly a solution to the problem of 16-year-olds in an upper-

Photo courtesy CBS and Bob Scheef

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Cover photo by Ken Thompson.

middle-class suburb. It all start with an opinionized questionna from the National Opinion Resea at the University of Chicago wh CBS administered. Nearly all of t 16-year-olds who attended Webs schools were requested to answer t more than 30 pages of the questi naire. The booklets were examin and some of the students who sig them were interviewed.

My interview with Dr. Barron w very frank. We talked about ma varied subjects: society in Webst success, the objects of life, and j about anything that would provid good sociological study. From th who were privately interviewed w Dr. Barron, a few were interview on film. The narrator, Charles Kur asked me questions similar to Barron's while I was being film My parents signed a release to C which entitled them to use in th program the film they took of However, I was never really sure t they would use my part of the f until the program came.

Tension in the people of Webs especially the teenagers, was mou ing. Everyone waited anxiously February 8. People who had co televisions planned parties; relati were coming. Then a few days fore the program, we heard that had been cancelled in order to first hand comments from the Pr dent as he returned from Viet N Everybody in Webster was eit mad, disappointed or didn't c The rumors began then; for examp some thought that a petition to k the hour long documentary off air had been signed by Webster p ents; some thought that the Presid hated Webster; and some thou

that CBS had backed out of showing the film. Of course none of these rumors were true, and the program was rescheduled for February 25.

As the people of Webster Groves waited once more for the program, they began to doubt and worry about the possible results of the film.

A few days before February 25, I was invited by CBS, along with three other participants in the film, to watch the program at Molly Mcgreey's house. The purpose of this was to film the reactions of the teenagers viewing themselves. They said they were going to use this film to make another show, on the order of "Son of Webster." As we five teens watched the program on the night of the 25th, the CBS crew was busily making sure they recorded every utterance. Quite frequently one of us would say, "Oh, I know her!" or, "He is really a neat guy!" Molly said once, "It's fun to be a 'socie.'"

After the program, Charles Kuralt asked each of us questions about how we felt about the program. I believe we generally agreed that the scenes were good but they did not provide a fair representation of Webster. Being the first people to express our opinions about the program, I think we were all a bit unassuming. It seemed to me that we would try to avoid answering a

INTERVIEWER: Suppose one of your children took part in a civil rights demonstration. What would be your reaction? . . .

MAN: It'd be sometime before they'd sit down, I'll tell you that.

INTERVIEWER: Why?

MAN: I can't see any excuse for it. What business is it of theirs? At 16 years old, they don't have any firm convictions of anything.

—from "Sixteen in Webster Groves," CBS-TV, February 25, 1966

question directly. I told them that I thought they gave Webster Groves too many good facets and not enough bad ones. If I had been a person in New York, for instance, I would have thought that no such place could ever exist; utopias have never succeeded. Or I would have thought that all kids in Webster Groves are spoiled, greedy, and not representative of suburban teenagers. This could be true, also.

Nearly everybody was talking about the Webster program and nearly everybody expressed a feeling of discontent. Although CBS received more favorable than unfavorable letters, Clarissa Start, a member of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* and a resident of Webster, was one of the first people to complain publicly. She and others said that their children were not like that. After reading one of Clarissa Start's many columns, I got the impression that she was saying, we are not like that; we are humble, but we must keep up with the Joneses. And with the exception that we will not stand to be inferior to anybody, we are humble.

Later it was announced that CBS had another surprise for Webster. This one was to be called "Webster Groves Revisited." This documentary was composed of the reactions of Webster residents to the show. Again my parents had to sign a release if they wanted to use my part of the film in the show. People were interviewed on the street; shopkeepers were interviewed; even Webster Groves Police Chief Fred Zinn was interviewed.

Some people thought that the second program would be terribly biased because CBS had the right to decide what to leave on the cutting room floor. Some thought that the people who were interviewed would be too passive to say anything unfavorable to Mr. Kuralt's face.

However, the program, which was shown on April 8, I think gave all the skeptics a surprise. The majority of comments that were shown in the film were unfavorable. Every once in a while, a person would say he thought it was a terrific show. This type of person is the extreme opposite of a person who scornfully muttered "gross distortion." I believe they are both extreme and biased.

I believe that CBS really failed to understand my position in society, however. In the second show, they called me Bob Scheef, the rebel. I am not rebelling. I merely want not to be associated with any of CBS's groups (viz. "socies," hoods, intellectuals, oddballs, etc.). I want to have an identity of my own, one that is not

MOLLY: You know, the thing this is pointing out is that parents don't give us any credit for knowing anything or caring about anything . . . I've worked part time in Barnes Hospital for three summers, and I've seen some pretty bad things there, and while walking around down there (in St. Louis). I think I'm more aware than I'm given credit for being aware.

—from "Webster Groves Revisited," CBS-TV, April 8, 1966

shared by many other people. I believe that children often reflect their parents. Most "socies" come from a "socie" background. I am individual because my parents advocate a "be-yourself" philosophy. They would not want to see me grow up and be discontent with my future. I believe most "socies" will end up performing a job which they are capable of doing, but which doesn't please them.

One more point I'd like to make is that CBS presented a true picture of a teenager by making him money-minded, college-minded, and suburbia-minded. I am like that, also. It is true I want money and all materialistic pleasures of life—but, I do not want to be pressured into becoming a false success.

In conclusion, I would say that the first Webster program, "16 in Webster Groves," was wrong in making Webster seem like a never-never land. I feel that no one should have any complaints now that the second program has been viewed. CBS made no apologies and I believe that none were necessary. They only wanted to show the people of Webster Groves what they thought of themselves frankly. We tend to overlook the ugliness which is reflected in a mirror and then we are startled by the truth. ▼

BOB SCHEEF / Although he was 16 when interviewed for the CBS-TV program, Bob is now 17 and a senior at Webster Groves High School in Webster Groves, Mo.

Left right left right—one brown shoe hopped in front, then seemed to hop back again as the other came forward. One then the other—dust from dry walk slightly covered the shoes. Left right left right. Stop—stumble forward slightly to step on the heel of a large black shoe in front. No apology. No sound. Just left right. scuff scuff. Walking more slowly now.

". . . but, what am I doing?" still rang above the high heels and polished brown shoes as they tumbled over each other, racing from the church to their homes then back to the green—to wait. More shoes hurrying—running to join and do their part . . . "what am I doing?" The shoes stood still and quiet—directions, black crepe paper, a prayer—the march began. Left right.

Left right left right—through Cambridge. Tin or stone kicked, grit of gravel, soft thump of many feet walking together. Next to the brown shoes are loafers, on the other side large bulky shoes, in front army strong boots, red heels, little blue sneakers hurrying along. shoes shoes walking. Walking slowly softly, stopping, waiting; waiting to begin walking. Left right left right. Walking by gray sidewalks, store fronts, old buildings, cars and bicycles, bridges, all standing still . . . sun shining river, all quiet except for the—slow soft thunder of shoes walking. Left right. Stop. Slowly begin, one foot, then another, then walking—left right over a piece of crepe paper once pinned to a sleeve. Each pair of shoes—white shoes, brown shoes, red shoes, big

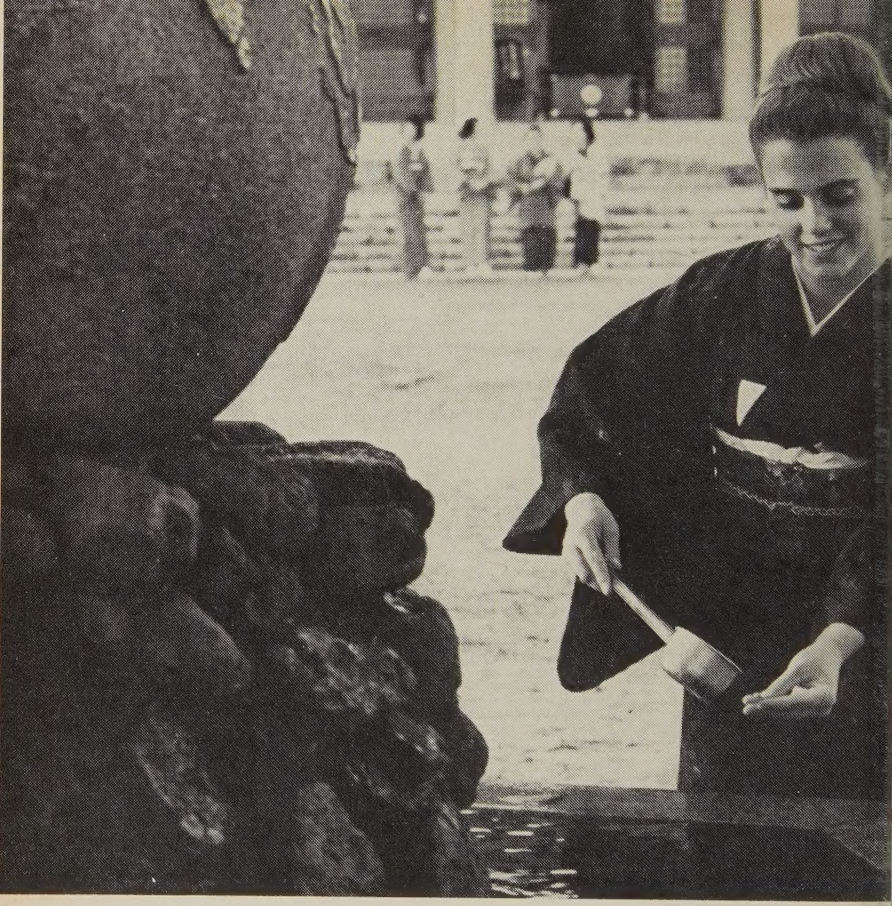
ack crepe paper afternoon

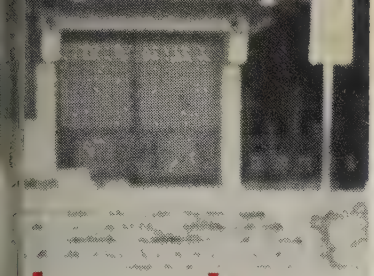
shoes, sturdy shoes, feminine not-too-practical shoes—walking scuff scuff stumble . . . each pair carries a different person—each thinking his own thoughts; James Reeb, New England, Selma, the sun, the sky, school, freedom . . . freedom. ". . . but, what am I doing?"

The shoes carry them down the center of the street, through the gate, up the path, past people; people hanging out of windows, mouths open —sometimes jeering—people, stopped in cars—people pushing carts and selling peanuts. "No eating in the line," said the white-arm-banded boy. To the muddy grass, walk. Turn shoes and look at the shoes left-righting back for blocks and stretching ahead—"Will it never end . . . so many!" Shoes leave the line and jumble into a crowd at Boston Common. Above the shoes is singing—We Shall Overcome; and praying—James Reeb gave his life, what have I given? and wishing—feet need a rest. Shoes off— cramped, aching feet freed.

Some shoes—any here? —have their shoe strings tied in a double knot and Mother tied it, now I can't undo it. Fingers tug at the knot, only making it tighter tighter. Kick off the shoe— tired hands. Shoes off, but the double knot that Mother tied so carefully is still there. ". . . but, what am I doing?!" Shoes shoes—walking, kicking, standing still. Left right left right. Tired, time-to-go-home feet. scuff scuff. One foot then the other. Scuffing, walking, stamping . . .
. . . right where they want to go!

—Juanita L. Johnston
Killingworth, Conn.





Thoughts collide when East meets West

BY NANCY STOCKING / The Orient . . . Japan . . . the names have always held intrigue. They are like pictures in a storybook. For me, that storybook came to life and unfolded into the most exciting year of my life. I spent a year amid Japan's magnificent landscapes, and the silent dignity of her temples and shrines; among small, quiet figures, aged and bent, clad in dark kimonos; and vibrant young people, tall and straight, dressed colorfully in the casual styles of the West. That was the year of rice and raw fish, of no shoes in the house, of chaos on over-crowded commuter trains, of the peaceful, unhurried tea ceremony, of kimonos and sitting on the floor, and of Nanko-chan—a Japanese version of my name that my family invented.

My Japanese family was wonderful! We shared a year that was happy and exciting, and we parted with memories and a friendship that will always remain with us. I lived with Dr. Ikuo Ishimi and his family in Kobe, Japan. I had an older and a younger brother, and two sisters, one and two years younger than I. They were

All photos from author

"Life was more a packaged deal, to be lived . . . and enjoyed."

easy-going and fun-loving, enjoyed each other's company tre dously, and would spend hours together just talking, laug eating or watching television. Liking people as they did, swept me up into the folds and opened to me not only their h but their hearts as well. No computer could have match family and a student more perfectly. It's not that we we much alike; in fact, we were quite different, and it was differences that made the essence of our year together.

It didn't take me long to see that I had a lot to learn both the individual family of which I became a part, and J ese life in general. The first thing that puzzled me was all time my family would "waste" just being together, eatin watching T.V. I was used to busy schedules, nagging com ments and homework that took up nearly every minute of the And I was used to thinking that it was more important than most anything else to get these things done and done well. here was a group that thought me strange for wanting to things accomplished. I know that many of my American fri think me a little strange that way, but it's not because they w rather spend time with their family. Life to my Japanese fa wasn't a matter of "Get out and join. . . ! Get out and do. Accomplish this. Accomplish that!" Life was more of a pack deal, to be lived as it came, and enjoyed.

Then I saw that almost everything concerning our family hinged around the father. His ideas, be they good or bad i judgment of the other family members, were law. If he wa everyone to go shopping, everyone went shopping. If he wa to go on a family hike, we went on a hike. If he wanted to the car, we washed the car. There were no arguments, no plaints, and no counter-suggestions. Neither did anyone oppressed by tyranny (except me, at first, but I learned). was just the role and privilege of the father in a family. I lucky in this respect, because my father was a good-humored, able guy, and the things he wanted us to do were usually i way of entertainment. If you must be "tyrannized" I guess h fun is a pretty good way to suffer. Out of this I learned a ki unquestioning and untiring patience and obedience that is taught so much to American children because, unlike Japan, not a basic ingredient of our culture.

With each new day, in fact, it seemed that there was some

Ikuo Ishimi and family: top row, left to right, Satoko (15), Nancy, Hiroko (17). Bottom row: ther Sumiko, father Ikuo and Takao (13).

w about living for me to learn. Bit by bit, I found that I needed throw away just about everything I had ever been taught, and rn to be a person all over again in a whole new way. As weeks ew into months, I became more and more a part of my new life, d found myself spending one of the happiest years of my life. rtainly it was the most fascinating year, since I had so many ings to discover and understand. I was often asked if I was mesick, and I could only say "No!" with a beaming smile. I asn't homesick; I was too fascinated and too happy with my new rroundings. My American family shared my new life through ters, tape recordings, and pictures. They were concerned, of urse, but never worried about me and the things I was doing, cause, as they said, they had confidence in the International ristian Youth Exchange and the family they had chosen for me. ey were even more assured about my well-being since my Japese father was a doctor. This is not to say, however, that they eren't happy to have me home again at the end of the year.

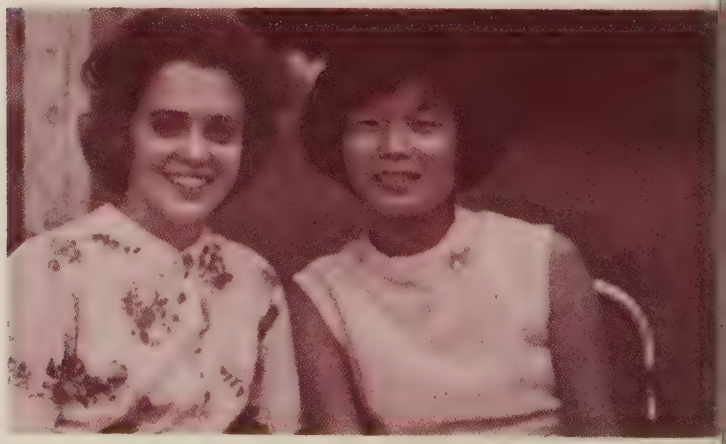
As I returned home last summer I had no doubts that the year hind me was the most marvelous privilege of my life. What I d not know was what lay ahead. I was sure only that life and I ere surging optimistically ahead into the unknown. But in the ming months, I was to be challenged by nearly every segment of e life I found myself leading. I discovered that while going

abroad and returning home were really both parts of the sa experience, they were cruelly different. The year abroad w dawn of vision and dreams, an interlude of soaring above the ea on eagles' wings. Returning into the life I had led was to ha those wings clipped. I seemed to come crashing to the gro doomed to the slow drudgery of walking, not soaring as befo

I hadn't been home long before I found myself swept up i the whirlwind of American life again. I felt within me a chan of gears from the hesitating formality of the Japanese cultur the informal, aggressive friendliness of Americanism. I was s to have to let the deep, rich beauty of Japanese grace and rese slip away from me, but I was also enjoying the rediscover some forgotten parts of my personality. It felt good, like mee an old friend after a long separation.

Soon I found school, church and family activities making a mendous demand for my time and energy. The pace was m hectic than I had remembered or expected that it would be. school, it was not only studies that needed attention, but the mu tude of other clubs and projects. For church it was mostly youth group, which had "died" during the year and needed so one to pump enthusiasm back into its potential members. For family there was everything from mowing the lawn to leisur

As an ICYE student from Tacoma, Wash., Nancy became Satoko's "sister" in K



"I was suddenly Mommy's and Daddy's little girl again."

ily dinners. Adding to these items a busy schedule of speeches ut my exchange year, I found my days full to overflowing. oon felt like a slave to my calendar and the clock.

. couldn't help but look desperately up out of this maze and nder what had happened to me. For the last 12 months, be-se I could neither read nor write the language used in the ssroom, I had studied independently on whatever subjects I my learning would be most valuable. I had spent hours read-, searching for ideas and concepts that would help me under-nd a people and their culture, and their role as a nation of the rld. Now I found myself working "exercises #1-12, to be nded in tomorrow," and searching for clues that would help me derstand how to get a good grade out of a certain teacher. If se items weren't my main concern, eyebrows went up as peo- wondered what was happening to the "good student." Second the priority list was supposed to be all the clubs and activities: neroom plans to raise money to build a homecoming float, ekly pep dances, and Student Council debates about how to p students from speeding in the parking lot. (Where I had nt the past year, kids didn't even have cars, let alone speeding blems.) Third on the list came the "latest" about who went with whom on Friday night, and when and why this or that ple broke up. All these were the acceptable concerns that were fill up whatever free time my hands or my head might find. ese would cause no disappointments or raised eyebrows. To , it was like going from Karl Barth to Donald Duck!

Next came the church. I had spent the past year outside the here of Christianity discovering the church in the mission field, ere it teaches the basic concepts of Christian faith and the pure, ple love of Christ. I was discovering the elementary differ-es that Christianity makes in the lives of men and nations. I me home to find potluck dinners, building funds, and Sunday eve-g youth group meetings, all of which seemed to be regarded by ny as ends in themselves.

At home I found it necessary to retreat from the position of a ung adult whose mind had been turned loose in the world to sorb like a sponge and expand like a balloon with new ideas and derstanding. I was suddenly Mommy and Daddy's little girl ain. I found that the new ideas that I was toying with were w subject to parental approval, an evaluation using the same of standards that I had started off with a year ago, the very

"My goal is no longer to participate, but to serve."

standards which had been altered during the past year. It wasn't that I was forbidden to think this or that thought, of course. It was the sighs, the eyes that reflected disappointment at the things I said, the urging to be just one of the kids and have a good time, the concern that I might be turning into a "fringie," the amusement at the idea that my greatest goal in life is no longer solely to marry and have a family. It is sad to see parents troubled at the thoughts and actions of their child, and maybe even sadder to see them amused, especially when the new thoughts spring from the most meaningful and valuable experience of that young person's life.

Yes, indeed, I was challenged by the life into which I returned. I was challenged to retain every token of the vision and the freshness of outlook that my experience had given me. I was challenged to retain my growth in a situation that didn't want anybody to have grown. But while this was the most difficult part of the whole experience, far more difficult than adjusting to a new culture in a foreign country in the first place, it was also the moment of truth. I had to remind myself that all these trifles were reality after all, and while I didn't need to get lost in them, neither could I live completely outside of them. Studying cultures, nations and Christianity in the abstract had made a dreamer out of me. But if the world is to benefit from its dreamers, they must be "dreamers" who can live daily among all the temporalities of life without loosing or abandoning their dream, or their vision. I had to realize that whatever I had seen or done or learned in any exciting corner of the world, was useless without this final step. The struggle I was going through was the essence of it all, and I wouldn't trade anything for having had to face it.

I look forward to college and life, and whatever I want to make of them. One basic goal of mine has changed as a result of the experiences of the past two years. Before, I saw the world as a big, whirling institution into which I would fit somewhere and *participate* in life. Now my goal is no longer to participate, but to *serve*. The world is no longer a big, whirling place, but rather a group of individuals, fumbling and halting, all the while trying to build a better world, which none of us can exactly define or find the formula to create. Now to me, every person matters; what he does and says is what makes tomorrow whatever it will be. The real gift of the past two years has been discovering that I am one of these individuals who can speak for tomorrow. ▼

can family—taken at airport on her return. Below, Nancy in Kobe.

All art by Murray McKeehan

SPITE

IE SATIRIC SPY STORY O END ALL SPY STORIES

VICKI VAN HORN / Robert Stock

ode manfully into the office to collect orders. Shedding his London-made nch coat, he smiled hello to the retary.

"Do you know what the orders are s time?" he asked, running light gers up her faintly tanned arm.

"No," she whispered, toying with his collar, "but you'll learn soon enough."

he intercom buzzed and Stock entered e inner office.

"Well, sir?" he waited.

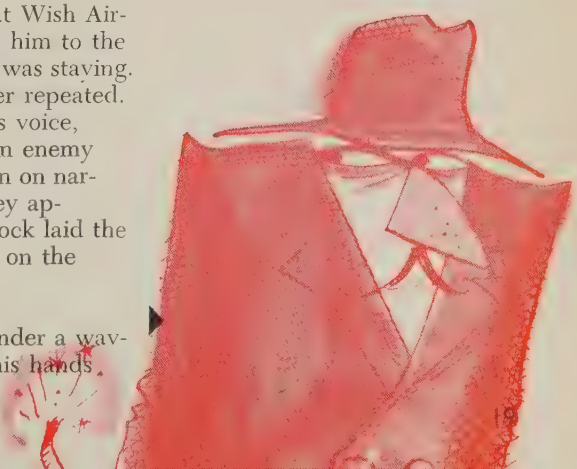
"Stock, we're up against some insid- us force which threatens to undermine e whole organization. All we know that the brains of this operation is a man who goes by the name of D. C. er home base is lush, tropical Wish and in the south Atlantic. Three of r Wish agents have already been ashed. So listen, Stock, watch the ish witch."

As soon as Stock arrived at Wish Air- rt, he called a taxi to take him to the tel where the fourth agent was staying.

"Hotel Edward," the driver repeated. the note of sarcasm in his voice, ock knew the driver was an enemy ent. They sped out of town on nar- w precarious roads. As they ap- oached a deserted field, Stock laid the outh of his revolver gently on the iver's neck.

"Pull over," he ordered.

The body neatly stowed under a wav- g palm tree, Stock wiped his hands



neatly and drove back to town at a lig hearted eighty-four miles an hour.

He paused to smooth his hair and straighten his tie at the door of the ho suite. Without knocking he entered quietly. An exquisite native girl was reclining on a chaise lounge.

"Don't tell me," she purred huskily. "You must be Robert Stock. All the girls say you are a prince of a fellow."

"Yes," he said modestly, caressing h throat thoughtfully, "hence my nickname 'the Regent Agent.' "

"How sweet," she murmured, drawing him down to her hungry peach-flushed lips. . . .

"I must be getting back to my hote said Stock. "Do you have any additio facts on this D. C. business?"

She looked at him lazily. "No."

"Thanks so much," he said. "I'll loo in again tomorrow to see if you can gi me any more information."

In the hotel lobby a champagne-haired girl with slanted jade eyes sat behind the desk.

"Give me a light?" asked Stock, meaing "Meet me on the corner in fifteen minutes."

"Of course," she said, meaning "Hd did you know I am an enemy agent assigned to cover you?"

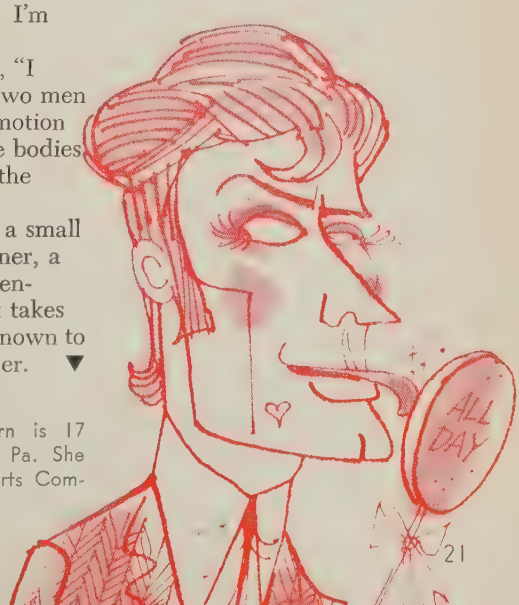
She was waiting at the corner whe he arrived. She headed the sleek spo car purposefully through town to a small, but elegant, home.

"Now let's get down to business," s said brusquely, handing him a glass c champagne and turning the lights low "What's your name?"

"Tell me where D. C. is," he coaxe He drew his hand over her silken shoulder.

"You know I can't," she said reproach-
lly. "Come now, don't be sulky." She
ered him soft, burning lips. . . .
As Stock left, he felt that he had for-
tten something. What? Oh! He turned
tomatically and shot the recumbent
ure. Ransacking the cleverly hidden
fe, he proceeded to 1421 Center
reet, decoded from the words "No
arch, please" scrawled in gold ink on
laundry ticket.
Rubbing a judicious dash of English
eather on his chin, Stock entered the
otel suite whose number, 18, he had
ecoded from the words "Made in
pan" on the bottom of a lamp.
"No!" he gasped. A man was sitting
n the couch, smoking a cigarette im-
atiently. "I'm sorry," he said suavely.
didn't know she had a date."
The other man rose menacingly. "I
ave business with her."
Robert Stock squared his shoulders.
You're not Foreman Cousins?"
Yes. The man from MOTHER. I'm
aking care of D. C."
"Now listen," said Stock coolly, "I
ave seniority, you know." The two men
aced each other warily. In one motion
ach drew a pistol and fired. The bodies
escribed parabolic arcs and hit the
oor simultaneously.
A door was opened warily and a small
eckled nose stuck out. The owner, a
hort girl with fly away red hair, en-
ered the room cautiously. "That takes
are of my problem," said D. C., known to
er friends as Dissatisfied Consumer. ▼

ICKI VAN HORN / Miss Van Horn is 17
ears old and a resident of Pottstown, Pa. She
a former winner in our Creative Arts Com-
etition.



touch & go

A

NO NOOSE IS GOOD NEWS

Everytime I read the critical letters in your magazine, I wonder if you sometimes feel as though you are out on a very weak and lonely limb. Let me assure you that many of us are thrilled with the openness and the intellectual honesty which characterizes YOUTH magazine and we hope that such a policy will continue as long as YOUTH magazine is published.

—*C. P. / St. Louis, Mo.*

"THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL BOOK"

Some of the reactions to the books referred to in your April 24 article rather surprised me. I was under the impression for a long time, due to many stories and articles in all forms of mass media, that all teenagers are dirty-minded little delinquents, with no regard as to what is happening in the world. There I was, sitting it out, worried that the whole world hated me because I was 16, and along came this article of yours. Now I find that I am not alone in my perusal of half-decent and even good literature.

However, some of the opinions are merely reflections of what mother and dad taught the opinion givers. Anyone who thinks that books of any type should be burned might just as well never go outside of his little world and re-read *Winnie-the-Pooh* for the rest of his life. Don't get me wrong, I like Pooh, but I'm certainly not getting anything out of it. Books are the expressions of men, and what a man feels should be regarded as his solution to what is wrong with society. Nobody burns the books of Lenin and Marx any more, but they were the "young whippersnappers" of their day. The world has just not been enlightened to what the expressions of man re are. Nothing a man says is really It is just his reaction to the world h stuck with.

I'm done preaching, so here's a q tion. What makes a book controver Is it controversial by itself, or do p make it controversial? In that case, book be accepted and controversial at same time? I realize that this is ju restatement of the questions you aske the article, but . . . why must a book come controversial? Why can't it just accepted as an opinion? Why must city council decide how a person fo his opinion? I may be something of idealist and a purist, but I think people are capable of making up t own minds as to what would be good them, and what would corrupt t morals. I wanted to read *Candy* bu cannot be purchased in Indiana, so I to borrow a copy of it from a friend had an enlightened father who bo it for him on a business trip to Phila phia. My morals were corrupted by book as much as they are corrupted in everyday life, and I don't lead the kin life that may be popping into your hea

A parting thought, taken from the letin board of a local library: "Aut leave us not just their works, but a of looking at life."

—*E. M. / Indianapolis, In*

SAFETY FEATURES NOT PICTURED

Pictures can teach and that's why writing this letter of criticism of s recent photos in your magazine.

In your May 8 issue, you picture t in canoes without visible signs of life servers. (The wife of a friend of r

under this circumstance.) And in May 22 issue, you picture a teen le riding a motorbike without crash ets. (One of our children almost died that absence, was unconscious for days, and suffered permanent—but t—damage.) In moments of recrea- we dare not forget appropriate safety autions. —*W. E. / New York, N.Y.*

DON OUR ACCENT!

here did you learn to write French? he title of your article on the Swiss ange student (May 22 issue), you have laced one accent and the other one is ecessary. —*A. N. / Philadelphia, Pa.*

r's NOTE: We phoned the corrections to our r at the last minute and he misunderstood our ions. Sorry about that!

/ORD OF PRAISE

I like to take this opportunity to ex- n one thing and also to commend you such a great job you are doing in the TH magazine.

belong to the Lutheran Church, Mis- i Synod, and ordinarily would not e come in contact with YOUTH. But brother joined the United Church of ist and soon YOUTH began coming to . But I was the one who began to it and soon to look forward to it.

's great! It's one of the best magazines today that really *talks* to teens and ly says something. And it really wit- es to Christ and what being a Chris- teenager can involve. *Every* time I it, I find countless articles and phrases words that say so much.

Vell, I just want you to know how glad m that YOUTH came into our home.

GO

When I go away to college, I intend to have my own copy sent to me.

Also—this Creative Arts idea is terrific. I saw last year's issue; to read and to look at it was a real joy.

Please keep up such tremendous work; which is both a service to today's youth and to God.

Your work will be remembered in my prayers. —*P. R. / West Seneca, N.Y.*

EDITOR'S NOTE: Where credit is due

In the May 8 issue of YOUTH, we failed to credit the appropriate photographer who took the cover photo and the photos inside (pages 24 through 29) of the Ohio canoe camping trip. The photographer was Rev. John L. McCormick of the Hartford Seminary Foundation in Hartford, Conn., who directed one of the two Ohio canoe trips last summer.

AS JULY 4TH APPROACHES

Here's how the American Revolution might have been reported in today's newspapers and magazines:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED: Yanks beat Reds in Overtime Battle

LIFE: Picture Story from the Philadelphia Front

LOOK: George Washington: From Surveyor to General—What's Ahead?

BUSINESS WEEKLY: Tea Prices Fell Today on a Flooded Market

DAILY NEWS: What Has Betsy Ross Got Sewed Up?

BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS: Valley Forge —A Community on the Move

TIME: Man of the Year—General Cornwallis

N. Y. TIMES: Rumors Persist that Unrest Continues between His Majesty and Our Loyal Colonies —*L. M.*

Dr. Ben M. Herbster

We Phoned for the Facts

On Race Relations Sunday 125 senior high youth of Northwest Ohio telephoned four leaders of the United Church of Christ to talk about the current racial struggle in America.

EARL MILLER / The most unusual thing about the 125 young ple gathered in the basement of First Church, Marion, Ohio, was : they were as quiet as an unplugged juke-box. A long anticipated phone call focused their attention because this phone call was so erent from the routine calls familiar to all of them.

picture of the man being called was projected on the screen. addition, the whole group was soon to hear his voice because this phone was wired with an amplifier, so that everyone in the room ld hear both sides of the conversation. The third factor that made event an anticipated one was that the young people themselves e going to talk with four leaders of the United Church of Christ ut the current racial struggle in America.

t is difficult to identify the beginning of such an idea. First, a nber of the young people themselves showed real interest in such encounter. Pastors of the area followed with their full support. cial support came finally from the national Racial Justice Now nmittee. That group, through Larold Schultz, Executive Secretary, vided a letter of endorsement that was sent to every person we e trying to contact.

Naturally we expected to receive some "no" answers. In one se it was disappointing to get the letters of regret. And yet there s a certain thrill to be able to read to the group telegrams of regret n Hubert Humphrey and Martin Luther King, Jr. Four small ups were each given a portfolio on one of the men to study care- y so the youth could speak intelligently with these men.

Thus at 3:30 P. M. the first call was placed. This connected rion, Ohio, with Chicago and the Rev. Mr. Archie Hargraves, ector of Mission Development for the Urban Training Center for ristian Mission in Chicago. One of the youths questioning him used on an article he had written for YOUTH, October 27, 1963, l asked what he meant when he stated that Jesus Christ is the ter of the revolution going on.

MR. HARGRAVES: Well, I happen to believe that one of the things that the New Testament asserts is that our Lord is alive, that he has risen from the dead, that he is active in the world, that he is involved at every important juncture of history. In a lot of specific points in the revolution the Lord might be there asking that justice be done, and calling the church to join him at those spots where he is already at work to make this thing concrete.

...There are three things that are important. One is that the youth revolution going on over the world is one of the real places where change is occurring. I mean you're really a vanguard to what is happening. I think the race revolution is the second. And a third one that has not been mentioned is the revolution of the poor. It seems to me that here are three groups that actually are trying to get people to see people as humans and to go beyond the surface appearances.

QUESTION: What are the main problems in Chicago particularly tha the Urban Training Center is working to change?

To this Mr. Hargraves replied that they were working at all problem on the metropolitan level: including housing, jobs and income, organizing the unemployed, organizing people on relief, and organizing a poli tical district to battle the "establishment." The students at the Cente get involved in the problems and reflect on them. They ask, "What i the implication for ministry?"

The second call went to Detroit to the Rev. Nicholas Hood, a yo Negro pastor of the Plymouth Church in Detroit and a membe the Detroit City Council. When Mr. Hood was asked whethe served a mixed congregation he answered that he did. Then he v on to say that in any Negro group there are so many different col that it looks integrated anyway.

GREG KECK: My name is Greg Keck and I am from Shelby, Ohio. I'd like to know why you chose a Northern parish rather than one in the South, and just how different are the problems?

MR. HOOD: Let me say that I began my work right from Yale. I went to New Orleans and I worked there nine years and while in New Orleans I worked in the freedom movement. I was one of the founders of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Coming to Detroit was simply another step in my total ministry. Let me emphasize that the problems are just as great in the North as in the South.

MICHAEL SHERER: Mr. Hood, I am Michael Sherer from Galion, and I want to know your opinion on what the Negro really wants.

MR. HOOD: Negroes are no different than anybody else. They want jobs, homes on nice streets, good schools for their children. They want every opportunity that is guaranteed to every other American.

CONNIE WHITE: This is Connie White from Waldo, and I was won-

"Christ is the center of today's revolution

Rev. Archie Hargra

dering, since we are all young people, what are some of the things we can do to improve race relations?

MR. HOOD: Well, it is very important that you would try to get acquainted with members of other races, not as servants, but get to know them in high school. . . . Sometimes you might have to create artificial ways to get to know them, such as structuring visits to Negro churches and schools. You might have to get to know them through study, or through the type of thing you are doing right now—raising questions with various Negroes throughout the country.

QUESTION: Why are all the demonstrations for more rights coming now when Negroes have more than they have ever had?

MR. HOOD: Well, because the more that people see that they don't have, the more they want. The rights we have achieved so far are minimal in terms of those guaranteed by the Constitution. But actually the demonstrations are much less today than they were three years ago.

During the time with Dr. Ben M. Herbster, a slide of the United Church of Christ President speaking on the phone was projected on the screen. There was added excitement when Dr. Herbster was called since the youth prepared to speak to him were from the yoked charge of Prospect-Green Camp, Ohio. Prospect is the hometown of Dr. Herbster.

SHERYL HARPER: Hello, Dr. Herbster. I'm Sheryl Harper from Green Camp. . . . I would like to know your opinion on race relations.

DR. HERBSTER: Well, this seems to me to be one of the most important problems that the church faces today. It seems to me an integral part of the gospel, that we treat our brother as our brother. In First John it says if a man says he loves God but hates his brother, he is a liar. I think this expressed it about as well as you can express it . . . The same thing is the cause of discrimination whether it be North or South or East or West and that is a failure to really believe that all of us are children of God and therefore all of us ought to enjoy the same privileges and rights and freedoms.

SHERYL HARPER: I would like to know if a congregation is split up over the racial issue what your opinion of dealing with those who oppose it would be.

DR. HERBSTER: Well, it seems to me that we have to try to get them to see that all of us are children of God and this has to be done in a loving and reconciling way. It's no use to cause people to act unbrotherly in order to foster brotherhood, and so consequently I think we simply have to continue kindly and lovingly to make plain to everybody the fact that all of us are brothers one of another. Now that's easier said than done, I grant.

Near the close of the ten minutes with Dr. Herbster he was asked to share with the group any further thoughts he might have.

DR. HERBSTER: The church must increasingly give its attention to the reconciliation that must go on. We are about through, I believe, with this matter of legislation. I think we have all the legislation . . . that we'll need . . . But we have to get our people to see that they ought to give Negroes a chance, or Indians or any minority group . . . , not because they have to by law, but because they want to. . . . it's the

spirit of men, of the church, of our citizens wanting to give as much as we want to receive that in the final analysis will make this the kind of a country that we want it to be.

One of the things the group apparently kept in mind as it talked with the Rev. Mr. Channing Phillips, Pastor of Lincoln Temple Church of Christ in Washington, D. C. was that he had participated in the Selma march. In fact, the picture projected on the screen showed Mr. Phillips speaking in front of the White House after his return from Selma.

CLELA TABER: Hello, Mr. Phillips . . . This is Clela Taber from Marion, Ohio. Do you feel that the various demonstrations for racial justice are effective, and will they continue or will they just lose their novelty and die out?

MR. PHILLIPS: Well, I think they have been very effective to date and I expect I can document it by pointing to the civil rights law and the voting rights bills. Certain items would not have come to pass without visible demonstrations such as we have had. As far as if they will continue or not is largely to be determined by the kind of role that the federal, state and city governments play in terms of being able to help not only the Negroes but also the poor because I think the whole movement is switching to that vein now . . .

KIETH KURZ: Mr. Phillips . . . This is Kieth Kurz and I'm from Marion. Do you think the use of the legislation passed by our federal government is helpful to bring about our civil rights movements?

MR. PHILLIPS: Yes, I think it is very helpful and of course necessary in the whole structure. Our problems seems to be that once we get the law on the books we have a little difficulty in getting the proper kind of enforcement of it.

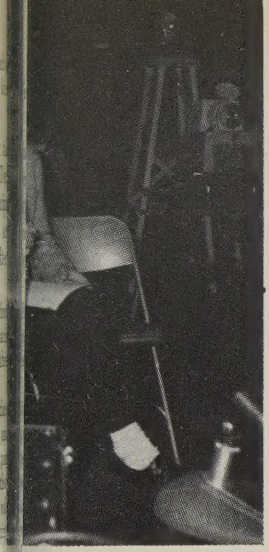
STEVEN GATES: Mr. Phillips, this is Steve Gates from Shelby, Ohio, and I would like to know what is your stand on the Negro using force and demonstrations?

MR. PHILLIPS: If by force you mean violence, I am opposed to that. I think Negroes have far more powerful forces at their disposal including non-violent methods. I think the question needs to be—what pressures can they use . . . to bring about the kind of situation that is conducive to justice?

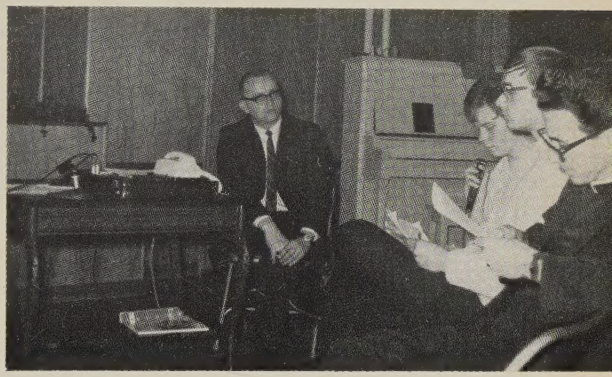
QUESTION: What is the most effective way to achieve racial justice?

MR. PHILLIPS: I don't think there is a single, most effective way. The approach to racial justice has to be looked at in terms of the area involved and the barriers that are put before the problem. In some areas I am sure that negotiations will yield surprising amounts of racial justice. In other areas—more hard core areas—I think it must necessarily take the form of demonstrations and usually there is a degree of violence that comes in the picture. That seems to be necessary before some of the more reluctant, good people in the country decide that it's time for them to take a stand. So I think it's really a combination of forces that is determined by the nature of the situation itself.

Thus the fourth and last call was completed. The young people had asked the questions they wanted to ask. The resource people had



To prepare for the telephone interviews, each young person had studied writings by and about the men they were to interview.



njustice anywhere is everyone's problem"

wered candidly. The conversations emphasized the revolution we all involved in, seeking to make clear what is really being called by both Negro and white. Also there was interest shown in what se youth themselves might be doing about the situation that had v taken on a new dimension for them.

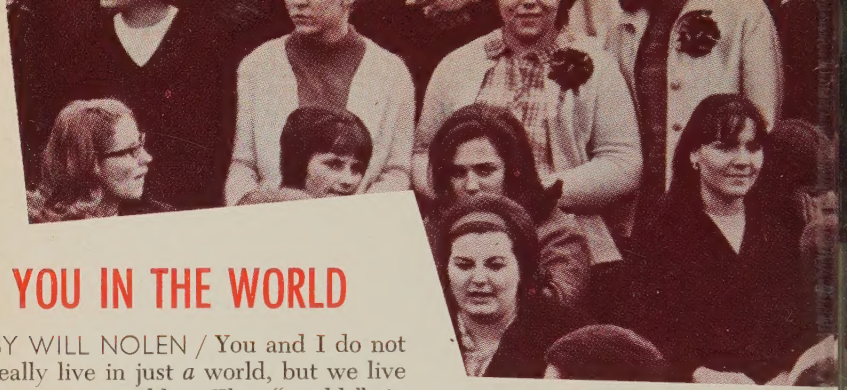
Some days later a number of the young people were asked to comnt and reflect on this unique experience.

I believe this meeting was of particular interest to the Shelby group because our town is "lily white" and therefore we are not aware of the problem. It gave us a picture of the problem all over the land.—Greg Keck, Shelby, Ohio

Before this rally, Civil Rights had been something that "other people" had to cope with. However, after hearing (these men) talking directly to us, we realize that it is our problem—everyone's, and not just a few. —Janice Hoffman, Crestline, Ohio

(This encounter) made the young people more aware of their responsibility toward the problems facing the nation and the world today. In speaking with various leaders, the teenagers realized that these problems also concerned them as individuals in their community.—Karen Siemsen, Marion, Ohio ▼

RL D. MILLER / Mr. Miller is pastor of Salem United Church of Christ, Marion, io, and youth coordinator of the program group of the Northwest Ohio Assotion which sponsored the telephone interview.



YOU IN THE WORLD

BY WILL NOLEN / You and I do not really live in just *a* world, but we live in *many* worlds. The "worlds" in which we are most intimately involved are the worlds of our family, our select group of friends, school, neighborhood, and place we work.

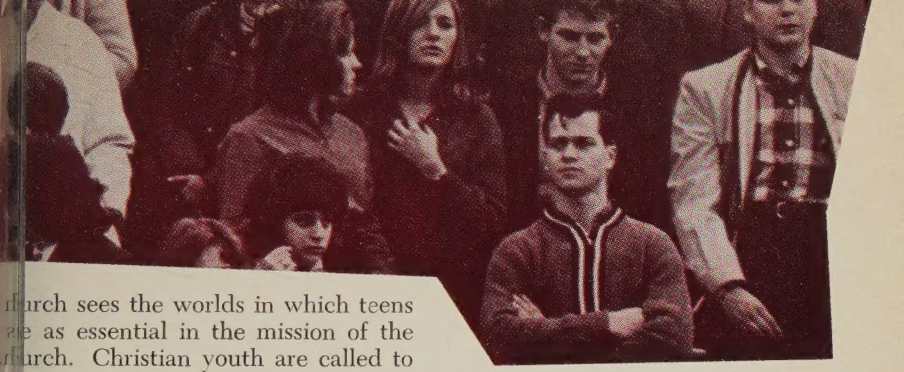
What other people say and do often shapes what you say and do. Have you ever heard teens you know say: "Why do I dance the frug? All the kids in my gang do it." Or "Boozing is the way I get 'in'." Or "If I'm going to stay 'with it', I've got to dress this way and wear my hair this way." Or "Sex? Why not? Everybody in school says that the New Morality is the thing." How often do you find that the slang you use, the songs you sing, the people you admire, all have gang approval?

You and I not only feel the influence of family and friends, but we also feel the impact of the "worlds" beyond the personal—the worlds of ideology, of scientific advance, of affluence, of the Bomb, of racial conflict, of moral confusion, and the like. And, because of the knowledge explosion, improved educational facilities, and the mass media, you are much better informed at your age than were your parents when they were in their teens.

You and your worlds have been studied and evaluated, criticized a praised by psychologists, sociologi editors, TV commentators, politicia government officials, college pr preachers, and other "professiona How do they see you in all this? Th see long hair, short skirts, folk-r gyrations, reckless drivers, dirty be niks, serious students, soldiers in Vi nam, conscientious objectors, Pe Corps hopefuls, consumers w money, promising athletes, uni critics of our culture—as many vie points as there are observers.

Some have judged you to be most involved youth generation Western civilization; others as most withdrawn. Some see you sceptical and negative of relig others as seeking new and meaning means of communion with God spite the pessimism of the society large. But, in general, most see y and your worlds as shallow, unre istic, immature, and of little impo ance, except to be exploited.

Despite what the "experts" s you are for real. And your worlds for real. Life is real and to be liv as best we can. To help you f meaning in and for your worlds i concern of the church, at its best. T



urch sees the worlds in which teens e as essential in the mission of the urch. Christian youth are called to the body of Christ in the midst of ir own worlds, rather than removed m them. To be in mission is to be ith it." If you are in mission, you ow where brokenness exists and ere loving concern must penetrate. u will be the person for the other.

To be in mission in your personal rlds, you are called to comfort the ary friend, befriend the mixed-up ssmate, and support the rejected ner." You are challenged to hold gh your relationships; to be listeners well as talkers; to share in fun at is re-creative; to give criticism in cordance with your ability to take to understand and to be under- od; and to demand of others only you are ready to give of yourself. be in mission is to lose yourself the growth of another and thus d meaning for your own life.

To be in mission in your wider rlds, you are called to witness ainst those practices and beliefs at destroy equality and justice ong all men. You are called to pport legislation to insure just laws. u are called to volunteer to assist se plagued with poverty. You are e to demonstrate against force as means of settling conflicts between en—as individuals and as groups. be in mission is to stay informed on the news of the many worlds of which you are a part.

But beware! Some of you will say, "This is the way I have been living as a Christian for years. I do not smoke, drink, play cards, neck, dance, or. . . . And I refuse to associate with those who do." If you say this, you have missed the whole point. You are not in mission in the world. You have left the world.

"So what!" others might say. "You don't know what it's like to live in our worlds. What you say sounds nice, but it just won't work." You, too, have missed the point. You are not asked to change or even condemn all aspects of the world. In fact, your worlds may well be good and not in need of change.

Still others of you will say, "Great!" It makes a lot more sense than the tripe we have so often heard. I'm not certain of all the implications, but I'm willing to try." You heard us. You are asked simply to pervade your worlds with loving concern for your fellows. This loving concern can only be shown in the midst of the worlds you know and live in. And loving concern is where the action is. ▼

WILL NOLEN / Will is Director of the National Youth Conference of the Church of the Brethren to be held at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., August 16-20. The conference theme is "You in the World."

An interpretation of Luke 18:9-14 by one of God's bad-tempered angels with busted halos . . .

THE WHEEL AND THE CHARACTER

There is always someone around who thinks he is a wheel. They look down on other people and think they are sinners. To show them that they ain't so hot either, Jesus told a story.

Two men went to a church to pray. He called one a Pharisee—that's some kind of religious nut, and the other was a tax collector and who likes a guy like that?

The Pharisee prayed so that everyone could hear. "God, I'm glad that I'm not like other men, like queers, and fairies, and people who cheat the worker from the welfare, and people like that. I'm glad I'm not like this character over here, either, a no-good tax collector. Hell, man, I give 50 cents a week and give up a few meals."

The tax collector just stood up and prayed, "God, maybe I'm not so good, but please help me?"

And Jesus said, "See it's the tax collector who God hears—not the one who is always shooting his mouth off about how good he is."

From **God Is for Real, Man** by Carl F. Burke. Used by permission of Association Press. In this book, published in May, kids from city streets reveal startling insights into Bible passages . . . as they translate them into their own language.